

Merle Haggard

"Running Kind"

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I was born the running kind
with leaving always on my mind
Home was never home to me at anytime
Every front door found me hopin'
I would find the back door open
There just had to be a lesson
for the running kind

Within me there's a prison
surrounding me alone
As real as any dungeon with a wall of stone
I know running's not the answer
but running's been my nature
And a part of me
that keeps me moving on

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